

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 50.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1826.

LADIES MUSEUM,

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EATON W. MAZCY,

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Miscellany.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Sir—A young Lady of the city of Boston, a short time since, related the following story to the editor of the Boston News Letter, which, for one so short, possesses no small degree of interest. You are respectfully requested to give it a place in your paper.

SYLVIA.

June 8, 1826.

A PATHETIC TALE.

About forty years ago, a gentleman from the western section of Massachusetts, a lawyer by profession, of the finest talent, who also possessed a noble person, became attached to a young lady from the interior of South-Carolina, visiting the northern states for the recovery of her health. Their acquaintance, after suitable preliminaries, ripened into that ardent affection which is really the foundation of all the domestic happiness and all the virtue that enriches the world. She returned to her father's in October to make preparations for completing the happiness of the man of her choice. Full of hope for the felicity of the future, in possessing the dearest being on whom his fond eye had ever gazed, he took leave of his family at the close of the following December, with the expectation of returning in the spring with the object of his love.

The very afternoon on which he arrived at C. within half a mile of his betrothed Isabella, an early acquaintance of his youth, who had been settled in that remote part of the world, as it was then called, nearly twenty years, and who had accumulated a princely fortune by his own persevering industry, accidentally saw him alight at the hotel. No argument would prevail, and he was unconsciously carried in his friend's carriage to his beautiful mansion, skirted by a grove of orange trees, ere he could send his card to the lovely Isabella, who expected his arrival would be as punctual as his correspondence.—Love of the purest character always looks with con-

fidence; and this led the fair Isabella, for the first time, to wonder why Charles could be so forgetful of his promise.

At the hour of six she cast a gloomy eye towards the road which Charles should have come, but she could only weep for a disappointment she could not control.

Mr. P. was scarcely seated in the parlor of his hospitable friend, ere the house was attacked by a band of lawless runaway negroes, who carried slaughter and death wherever they moved. The destruction of the whites was the great object of their midnight prowling, while the booty which they acquired from the wealthy, only increased the thirst for human blood, and added to their stock of the implements of death.

The alarm was accompanied by a general shriek, which resounded through the whole house, and the butchery among the servants of the kitchen instantly roused the guests to a sense of their truly forlorn condition.

There was not a single individual who possessed a weapon, except the gentleman who owned the premises, who caught his fowling piece, while the company simultaneously sought for safety by flying from the apartments. Mr. P. in pursuit of the assailants, who fired several balls into the very room where he was sitting, leaped through a window to the ground; as he turned the corner of the house his generous host unluckily supposed him one of the murderous gang who were dealing destruction to his family, and took a fatal aim that killed him dead upon the spot. A moment after the robbers dispersed, believing themselves overpowered in numbers, when it was discovered that he had unhappily shot an ounce ball directly through the heart of his accomplished friend. The confusion now can scarcely be conceived; horror transfixed the whole assembly!

Mr. P. was laid out the next morning in the same room from which he escaped when he met the fatal charge. His features were dignified in death, and he resembled a sleeping man rather than a clay-cold corpse, destined for an early grave.

The whole district was alarmed the following morning by a relation of the atrocities at the mansion. Hundreds of people came to view the melancholy spectacle of the youthful stranger. Among others, the lovely Isabella, who was ever alive to the distresses of others, accompanied her aged father to the seat of such barbarity. Her young heart throbbed to aching as she drew near the stranger's remains. The napkin was removed from his once cheerful face, now pale in death—and she gently leaned towards the bed, to shed a tear of sympathy—she saw her adored Charles! Oh! the agony of soul! She only breathed—"Tis Charles—my own dear Charles!" and fell dead.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Mazcy—Sir—The following beautiful story, which originally appeared in the *Analectic Magazine*, possesses so many excellencies and beauties, and is so well written, that I cannot refrain from requesting you to copy it, believing, as I do, that if its length does not deter any one from commencing it, it will not from finishing it.

RACHEL.

WALBRIDGE.

Some years ago I became acquainted with a person of the name of Walbridge, whose appearance and deportment interested me in a singular degree. He seemed then about eight and thirty, slender and genteelly formed; not handsome, but possessing a remarkable degree of that charm which makes a person interesting. Though he never complained, but, on the contrary, supported, beyond any person I ever knew, an equanimity of temper, yet, to those who observed him with attention, it was evident that he labored under the recollection of some bitter calamity. Every feature of his expressive face bore testimony that it had at no distant period been wrung with anguish. He might be said to resemble some fertile region of Sicily, a long while ago laid waste by an earthquake, and whose smiling aspect, though in some measure restored by time, still every where bears traces of the ravages it once sustained. His was a painful countenance, as was once observed, and the phrase expressed his character completely.

In the circle which Walbridge frequented, he excited much of that interest which we feel, we know not why, for some persons, and was highly esteemed, though he took little pains to gain the good will of any one. He evidently possessed acute feelings, but made little parade of them; on the contrary, when, on any occasion, they were assailed, he seemed to task his mind to subdue, or, at least, to disguise them. Though in a few instances I remember to have seen him enter, with spirit, into the discussion of common topics, yet, in general, he seldom exerted his powers but on subjects of deeper and more permanent interest. Then his severe and manly style of speaking, his force of thought, his mingled feeling, and philosophic indifference, together with the strong and earnest expression of his face, gave an indescribable character to every thing he uttered.

If ever, on any occasion, he appeared devoid of feeling, it was when called upon to sympathize in the common evils of life. Loss of fortune, disappointed avarice, baffled ambition, or speculation, ending in poverty, were subjects which he listened to as idle tales; and often would he ridicule, with bitter irony, the whinings of those who complained of these every-day distresses of life. Such things, he said, were the daily bread of all mankind, and none but querulous, weak minded beings ever complained of what was the common lot of the whole human race. But there were other evils which he seemed to feel with

redoubled force. The wounds of affection, the sorrows of the heart, and, above all, the loss of friends, never failed to call forth his pity and commiseration. Fortune could restore what she had taken away; avarice deserved to pine; ambition might begin the world again; and time reconciled us to the ills of poverty—but who, he would ask, ever wrestled successfully with a broken heart, or what time ever reconciled us to the loss of those we loved?

I confess on these occasions I used to suspect that Walbridge wanted that practical benevolence which is worth all the speculative sensibility in the world, and does more to alleviate the distresses of society than all the fine spun effusions of sentiment, or precepts of philosophy, ever written. It was not long, however, before I accidentally discovered that he was in the practice of relieving the wants of those very persons whose common calamities he considered as almost nothing; and that while he despised their complaints, he administered to the misfortunes that occasioned them.

These seeming inconsistencies only excited my vigilance to detect the latent features of his character, and I scrutinized him with an attention which every day's experience seemed to convince me was thrown away. All that resulted from the most minute observation, was, that his character was not to be developed except by some accidental indiscretion, which was hardly to be looked for, considering the strong rein he seemed to hold on his feelings.

Such as he was, however, Walbridge gained the regard of all those with whom he associated for any length of time; and, though neither gay nor talkative, his company was always welcome to those who were; for his silence was not gloomy, or his seriousness morose. His eye and his smile told you, that though he did not join in the gaiety, he partook of that cheerfulness to which he could not contribute.

It happened that a person—a lady—who enjoyed a large portion of his esteem, sustained a severe domestic calamity, which, acting on a mind of acute feeling, plunged her into the deepest sorrow. Some time after, we called to see her, and the sight of old friends seemed to give a keener edge to her grief.—Walbridge attempted to console her—for a humane heart cannot resist the attempt at consolation, even though assured it will be in vain. He urged a variety of arguments; but grief neither reasons nor listens to reason. With that injustice which often accompanies acute sorrow, she reproachfully told him that it was easy to find topics of consolation for evils we never suffered and could not conceive. Mr. Walbridge was a philosopher, and philosophers pride themselves in being insensible to the ills of life, and of their friends.

This reproach went to his heart—he paced the room in silent solemnity—his face assumed the saddest expression of sorrow, and as he stopped and leaned against the mantle-piece, he seemed to be laboring to bring his mind to some painful resolution. He at length seated himself again, and said, in a tone of bitter despondency, mingled with slight reproach—

“You have charged me with indifference, to the misfortunes of mankind; you have accused me of being unfeeling because I have never been stricken

myself. I thought to have gone to the grave in silence, and carried with me every memorial of the calamities that have fallen on my head. That no one has ever yet heard me complain, is no proof that I have never suffered; and if I do not sympathize with the common ills of life, it is because every body seems to me to be happier than I am. I will tell you my story. Perhaps the detail of what I have suffered, may, in some measure, serve to reconcile you to the event which you mourn. At any rate, you may contrast your situation with mine, and see how happy you ought to be, compared with myself. If I am unfeeling, learn in what a bitter school I became so:

“My father, a foreigner, left his country before I can remember, and brought with him a wife and three children, two sisters and myself. His story I could never learn, but from some hints which he occasionally dropped, I suspect that he had been ill treated by his family, with whom he never kept up any correspondence. What his misfortunes had been I know not, but their effects appeared in the choice of his residence, which was on the banks of a little river that falls into the Ohio. Men, like my father, seldom quit society, unless society has injured or been injured by them, and the uniform tenor of my father's life forbade the latter supposition.

At the time of our first settlement, this region was a perfect wilderness. We were more than fourteen miles distant from any human habitation, and the solitude of our world was never interrupted by the passing traveller. The only sound of breathing life, other than from ourselves, were those of the inhabitants of the woods. We heard the solitary wood-pecker striking the trees with his bill—the blujay chanting his lonely notes—the squirrel chirping—the partridge drumming—sounds that would be lost to the ears in the cultivated resorts of men, but which, in the silence of the interminable forest, are heard afar off. In the stillness of the midnight, we were visited by troops of wolves, whose howlings, and the responsive challenges of our watch dogs, produced an effect singularly wild and sublime.

In this lonely situation we seemed to live for ourselves alone; all our duties and feelings were concentrated in each other. We sometimes heard a rumor of the world—

“Over the hills, and far away;”

but it seemed like the story of some distant country with which we were never to have any intercourse, and the inhabitants of which we should never see.—Here my father employed himself in overlooking the work of a few labourers, who had been tempted to accompany us, in study, and in the education of his children. In a few years our little settlement furnished us with all the necessities of life; and my father, as he saw the wilderness begin to blossom like the rose, and completed the smiling prospect of rich meadows, waving fields of grain, and cattle reposing under the shade of those primeval elms which he had left standing on the borders of the stream, seemed for a while to forget his birth-place, and to be almost happy.

For my part, I grew up like an indian, active, wild and impetuous. In the intervals of study, I passed my time in rambling with a gun, building castles, or

fishing along the river, which was so clear and pure, that the smallest objects were visible at the bottom. Occasionally I would extend my rambles down the stream to its junction with the Ohio—that beautiful river, though yet unsung, more enchanting than any ever yet celebrated in song. My fancy which had run wild in the solitudes of the woods, sometimes pushed on to future times, and I used to anticipate the period when this delightful region, already adorned with every thing enchanting in nature, should be embellished by all that is elegant in art, or valuable in science; and when its gracefully meandering stream should become classic, like those which the Scottish ploughman has made immortal. But I wander, and, indeed, I shrink from the task I have undertaken, and would willingly defer, as long as possible, the relation of that sad catastrophe which laid the fabric of my happiness in everlasting ruin.

We were a family of love; how we loved each other, those only who have lived as we lived, can imagine. In the crowded resorts of mankind, the affections are frittered away in the pursuits of numerous and distracting objects, which divert the attention from dwelling long on one idea. Hundreds of people lay claim to detached portions of our hearts, each sharing a little, while the multiplicity of ever varying scenes that pass before our eyes prevent our receiving those impressions that are indelible. But in retirement, it is different; the scarcity of objects of interest gives a force and energy to the estimation we bear them; the heart fastens there with a strength and permanency inconceivable by those who pursue the shifting varieties of the busy world; and where these deep rooted attachments are torn away, nothing but regret and despair will ever thrive again.

At the age of eighteen, I was sent to one of the universities, to complete such branches of my education as our remote situation prevented me from attending to with advantage. My parting from home was the first sorrow I ever felt; and those who can recollect the first wound in their hearts may form some idea of my feelings. My family, too, felt it bitterly. The loss or the absence of one person from a little family of love, is a serious affair, to those whose enjoyments centre at home.

How I buffeted this untried scene; how I was laughed at for my simplicity, ridiculed for my bashfulness, and what boyish tricks were played upon my inexperience, it is unnecessary to detail: altogether they sickened me of my situation, and prevented my forming any connexions that might have drawn me a moment from the contemplation of that home to which all my affections pointed. I perceived that the deep rooted habits of my early life had totally unfitted me for the world; and, therefore, looked only for happiness where I had ever found it, in the bosom of my family. Every hour of absence, consequently, increased my impatience of this situation, and my anxiety to return; and the very day after my term of absence had expired, I turned, with the most delightful anticipations, towards home.

It was on the last evening of the old year that I arrived, after a long and hard day's journey, at a log house, about fourteen miles from home. This was the nearest human habitation to ours, and I thought

if I made good haste I might reach home yet in time to share in the pleasures of that social season, so dear to the hearts of the young, and to those whose labors give them the truest enjoyment of gaiety and relaxation. My dear father always loved holidays; he used to say there was so little happiness in this world, that people should be sometimes put in mind of it by the setting apart certain days for the express purpose of being happy.

I knew, therefore, if I could reach home by midnight, I should find the family still up, and pleased myself with the hopes of giving them an agreeable surprise. I, therefore, much against the wishes of my old servant, proceeded onward.

Amidst a thousand thronging images of horror which crowd on my memory, I still recollect that night, so still, so clear, so sublime. Nature seemed sunk in her last sleep, and not a whisper of the woods, or murmur of the stream, disturbed her awful repose. Nothing was heard to break the dead silence but the distant howling of a wolf; or sometimes, at long intervals, the cracking of the ice, shooting a hollow sound across the river. The snow, glittering in the moonlight, was terribly contrasted by the black solemnity of the leafless woods; and a freezing, a bitter silence pervaded the whole scene, that inevitably disposed the mind to lofty contemplation. The absence of all animated beings; the total inaction of vegetable life; the analogy between silence and death, struck me with a mingled sensation of devotion and fear. It was in the midst of this lonely solitude, that I received the most powerful impression of the omnipotence of that great Being whose will had stopped the gentle current of life that flowed through the veins of the forest, and enchained, for a while, the all-pervading principle of vegetation.

At length, after a heavy journey through the deep snow, I drew near to our little ark, and every other feeling was lost in the anticipation of the meeting which was soon to take place. My heart swelled with all the tenderest emotions which nature has implanted in the heart of man, and which are called forth by the name and remembrance of home. It was a little before twelve, when, emerging from the wood through which our journey lay, I looked towards the well-remembered spot where our house stood, but could see nothing but a cloud of black smoke issuing from the place. A horrible thought came like lightning which haunts me wherever I go, embitters all my hours, and, sleeping or waking, exercises an influence which consumes me.

I cannot describe it—I should go mad again if I did. Our house had been surprised by the Indians, set on fire, and every soul perished in the flames, or was butchered in attempting to escape them. I saw my gentle sisters; their pure blood had stained the snow, not more pure itself—my father, whose grey hairs had been torn from his head—and, in the last moment of recollection, I saw my poor mother scorched and mangled to death. The power of man could not support it: my heart, that a few moments before had been opened to receive the full current of happiness, shut again—I believed forever—and a stunning sensation fell on my head with a force that overwhelmed my reason.

From that time until the lapse of more than a year I was as nothing—I remembered nothing—I believe I felt nothing. I wandered, they say, from place to place, without motive or end, attended by the faithful old servant who was with me that fatal night; and was only released from this comparatively happy state, to feel the miseries that marked my future lot. Since then, I have drifted about the world, listless, reckless and unpurposed. If I have any kindred left, I know not where to seek them. I am, by the habits of my early life, unfitted for any active business, that, by employing and disciplining my mind, would restore its elasticity; and I cannot return to the scenes of my youth, lest the sight of them should again unhinge my brain. I am too old now to think of planting the tender shrub of affection in any female heart, and shall die long before it could take root and arrive at maturity. Nothing now remains for me but to bear my fate like a man, and wait, with humble resignation, for the hour when I shall be permitted to join my murdered family. O! let no one think himself happy that he is exempt from the labours of business, nor let the needy man repine at his daily toils. My own experience has taught me this lesson: that employment is the surest path to the recovery of our peace of mind, and that to be exempt from the necessity of exertion, is to be at the mercy of incurable sorrow.

Compare, now, your situation with mine. Though bereft of one blessing, you are surrounded by many others, and cherished by friends whose affection will in some measure supply your loss—while I exist like a desert rock on the wide ocean, to whose barren breast no mariner is allured, and in whose desolate confines no gentle songster warbles a note of happiness. He who has none to love, and who is beloved by none, may be permitted to despair; but remember that uncontrolled grief for the loss of one friend, is a tacit unkindness to those who survive, because it seems to indicate that their affection is of little worth—and it is ingratitude to heaven which has still permitted you the enjoyment of many blessings." P.

A SEA BULL.

An Irishman, who served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of a waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line, of considerable length, that was flowing over the taffrail. After rowing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "By my soul, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow; it's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the arm or leg, it'll lave me at last. What! more of it yet? Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep, to be sure."—When, after continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he stopped suddenly short, and, addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"

A POOR EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.

An Irishman was arraigned before a magistrate for striking an old lady who was not remarkable for her beauty. The Irishman said, in his defence, "May

it please your honor, I met this ould hag in the street, and her face was so ugly, that by the bill of Hoath, I thought she was making a mouth at me, and so I gave her a gentle slap in the face for her impudence, and plase your honor."



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

A FRAGMENT.

'Twas mid-day:

Ocean lay in a vast sheet before us;
Its glassy surface reflected a ray,
In lustre, but little less than the sun,
From whom it deriv'd its splendours. Tranquil
As the soul, whose hope is fix'd, unwav'ring,
On eternal rest, in Empyrean heights—
Not a breeze ruff'd its vasty bosom;
Its appearance was that of a mirror,
Immense in magnitude, so that the eye
Could not explore its termination point—
But was left to gaze, with increas'd ardour,
Upon an endless luminary, of bright
Reflection; a sea of glory, passing
Imagination.

'Tis now mid-night; and

We are again gazing on ocean's pride;
The dark sullen clouds roll o'er us in quick
Array, breathing forth their sulph'rous liquid;
The winds whistle in ev'ry open port;
The moon but seldom quits the sable clouds
By which she is envelop'd; or, if she
Does, 'tis but to mock our feeble efforts.
Nature lavishly spends her strength upon
Her works. The element, (which through the day
Attracted our most intent gaze, and our
Admiration,) presented, now, a scene
Equally inviting to the eye and
To the ear. For, with the waves tossing to
And fro, was connected a melod'ous
Concert. It rose and fell on the ear with
A vibration which touch'd the innermost
Recesses of the heart. The moment is
Still dear to mem'ry, and never will be
Eras'd. For 'twas then methought the closing
Scene of life had come. Till then no fervent
Ejaculation had ever pass'd these lips;
Since then I trust I've often pray'd in truth.

ROMEO.

THE RAINBOW AT EVENING.

'Twas evening, and the setting sun
Broke from the cloudy west—
Athwart the misty sky it shone,
And gladden'd all the east—
Where, on the clouds, which dense and low

Hung in the humid sky,
A beautiful majestic bow
Of mercy met the eye.

The thunder peals were heard no more,
The lightnings ceas'd to glow ;
The wind had hush'd its distant roar
Along the vale below—
Nature just bursting from the chain
Of winter, fresh and fair,
Put on her robes of liveliest green,
And fragrant was the air.

So may this life of toil and storm
At evening pass me by ;
So may my sun break out and form
A Rainbow in the Sky :
May gratitude, and love, and praise,
Their fragrant impact,
To cheer the evening of my days,
And fill my raptur'd heart.

And when life's latest beams recede
From earth and time away,
May glory, bliss and light succeed
In bright effulgency :
Then, as the colors of yon arch
Are blended all in one,
May I, with Christ's triumphant church,
Compose an everlasting arch,
A Rainbow round his throne.

CERUS.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Muxey—

The following Acrostic, with an elegant Staff,
was yesterday presented to the Rev. Stephen Gano ;
please insert it in your paper, and accept my grati-
tude. H*****.

Providence, July 5, 1826.

[ACROSTIC.]

S-ent by a friend, to thee, kind sir, I come,
T-o journey with thee till thy race is run ;
E-v'ning and morn let me thy walks attend—
P-ledge of the giver ! aid to age I'll lend.
H-owever far you roam, by land or sea,
E-nclose me in thy hand—I'll profit thee ;
N-ame me 'a constant friend,' & prove my constancy.

G-o, preach the love of Christ in his behalf,
A-nd humbly walk with him the Christian's staff ;
N-o ill can harm thee, morning, noon or even—
O-n him rely, he'll guide thee safe to Heaven.

SEMPHRONIUS.

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

Mr. Muxey—

SIR—The annexed lines were handed me by a
young Lady, who noticed, (in a late number of the
Museum,) "The Old Bachelor's alphabetical descrip-
tion of what a Wife ought to be." You are at liber-
ty to insert them in your interesting little paper.

Yours, &c.

EUGENE.

Providence, July 3, 1826.

If e'er I'm doom'd the marriage band to wear,
Kind heaven, propitious, hear my prayer :

May the bless'd man I'm destin'd to obey
Still kindly govern by his gentle sway.

May his good sense improve my better thoughts,
May his good nature smile on all my faults,
May he take *vice* to be his mortal foe,
May ev'ry *virtue* his best friendship know.

Still let me find, possess'd of the dear youth,
The best of manners and sincerest truth ;
Unblemish'd be his honour and his fame,
And let his actions merit his good name.

I'd have his fortune easy, but not great,
For trouble oft doth on the wealthy wait :
Be this my fate, if e'er I'm made a *Wife*,
Or, keep me happy in a "single life."

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1826.

FIFTIETH NATIONAL CELEBRATION

OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Arrangements for the due celebration of this au-
spicious event made in nearly every city, town and
village, throughout our country, were executed, on
Tuesday last, as far as we have learnt, with unparal-
leled effect. In this town, the day was ushered in
by the discharge of artillery and ringing of bells ;
the national flags floated at high mast and staff from
the flag-staffs, gun-houses, vessels, &c. The parade,
agreeable to previous notice, was the most splendid
we ever witnessed ; and the martial appearance of
the military, composing a fine battalion of six inde-
pendent companies, (who were honored with the
presence of the Pawtucket Rifle Corps,) would, in
our opinion, do honor to any army. The arrange-
ments made by the town's committee, without an ex-
ception, were carried into operation in a manner
gratifying to all who felt an interest in the occasion.
The services at the Meeting-House were such as
might have been expected from the well known and
highly gifted performers. The day was a festival.
A number of gentlemen, (Major R. G. Allen, Cap-
tain S. J. Smith, and some others,) kept open houses,
and were "at home," to numerous guests. And we
are happy to have it in our power to say, so far as our
knowledge extends, that nothing intervened to in-
terrupt the harmony of the day.

Celebrations like these are calculated to afford
great gratification to the mind of the patriot and the
christian. It serves to strengthen our recollection
of important events ; holds up worthy and useful
characters for imitation ; excites gratitude to heaven
and trust in providence, and leads at once to a just
estimation of our privileges and a deep sense of our
responsibility. We are led to think of men "of
whom the world was not worthy," who were actua-
ted by a supreme regard to conscience and to God,
without being timidly attentive to the opinion or fa-
vor of man ; and whose great sufferings and exer-
tions were designed to promote the welfare and hap-
piness of their posterity.

We cannot pass over this occasion without intima-
ting the great satisfaction that we have ourselves re-
ceived, and heard expressed by our citizens, at wit-

nessing the cordial association of the military corps
of this town with the Pawtucket Rifle corps, and no-
ticing the earnest wishes expressed that the good
feeling, thus happily inspired, may be long warmly
cherished, to the mutual advantage of all the corps,
and the citizens of their respective towns.

DR. MITCHELL CONVERTED.

The celebrated Dr. Mitchell, of New-York, has
announced his full belief in "Captain Symmes' the-
ory," and has started a doubt whether we are *inside*
or *out*.



MARRIED,

In Framingham, Mass. on the 22d ultimo, by the
Rev. Dr. Kellogg, Elijah Colburn, M. D. of Dunsta-
ble, N. H. to Miss Sarah Belknap, daughter of Lu-
ther Belknap, Esq. of the former place.

In Sheffield, after a tedious courtship of six even-
ings, Mr. James Call, aged 25, to Miss Sally Buzzil,
aged 13, both of Hatley.

In Norton, Dr. Woodbridge Strong, of Boston, to
Miss Eliza Wheaton, daughter of the Hon. Laban
Wheaton.



DIED,

In this town, on Wednesday last, Mr. Benjamin
Jones, formerly of Newport, in the 82d year of his
age, a Revolutionary Patriot.

On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Phebe Bentley,
wife of Mr. Christopher Bentley, in the 35th year of
her age.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Westcott, widow of
the late Capt. Samuel Westcott, in the 76th year of
her age.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Benjamin Addison, in the
42d year of his age.

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, Mr. Jonas
Hubbard, aged 45.

Departed this life, in Quincy, Mass. on Tuesday
last, the venerable JOHN ADAMS, late President of the
United States, and one of the signers of the Declara-
tion of Independence.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can
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